

How I Had My Ugly Nose Re-Modeled

Madame Yorska, Whom Nature Tormented With a Homely Nasal Promontory, Explains Why She Engaged a Surgeon to Redecorate Her Face With Very Satisfactory Results



Various Racial Types of Noses Recognized By Ethnologists; But Madame Yorska's Peculiar Nose Could Not Be Classified As Belonging to Any Standard Kind.

was agreed that my principal feature was one which would have lent beauty to a cameo or a coin. Another sculptor alluded to the aristocratic contour of my face. Still another brilliant sculptor exclaimed, "Oh, Yorska, your statuesque nose!"

It happened that in my early life I had not become especially well acquainted with my nose. I have had a quarrel with my looks ever since I can remember. I wanted to be a blonde, with infantile blue eyes and yellow curls. Seeing there was no hope for the achievement of this ambition, I looked into the mirror seldom and but hastily. Being a busy woman, I never pored over my photographs. So I may be said to have enjoyed thirty years of blissful unconsciousness of the unusual length of my nose.

While I was founding the French Theatre in New York I was too busy to realize that I had a nose. When I played, your critics, personal though they sometimes are in their comments, did not point to my most prominent feature.

Then came my awakening. I had a friend who, after seeing my performance of Salome, said, "It is beautiful, Yorska, but when you look up at Herod your nose looks too long. You should have it shortened." And I had an enemy. I will not mention the name of this woman. It is enough that she is very beautiful and very unkind. I visited a studio at which she was posing for motion pictures. She was very affable, but someone repeated to me what she said when I had passed: "No use for anyone with that nose to try pictures. It will not stand the test." When friend and enemy agree, the subject of the agreement must consider their verdict.

I considered it until I was obsessed by my nose. I fancied that persons who looked at me on the street were laughing at my nose. A young English officer looked at me long on the street. Ordinarily I should have been flattered by the thought that he admired me. But in my state of mind I thought he was making fun of my nose.

I had reached the state of mind of Cyrano de Bergerac. He was in constant consciousness of his huge chief feature. But Cyrano slashed at his deriders. I wept about mine. One day I was trying to read the war news. The Los Angeles breeze shook the newspaper from my hand. When I picked it up I saw an advertisement, "Crooked Noses Straightened." I thought I had gone mad on facial impediments. I stared at the advertisement. I read it over and over. Then I drove to the office and talked with the practitioners.

I asked for a day to think about it. I spoke to a friend of mine, an officer in the English army. He said, "You are crazy! You may have ulcerated bones. You may have no nose at all left. Don't!" But I did go back.

I left no word as to where I had gone. I put myself in the hands of the surgeons. I said, "I believe in you. Merit my faith in you. Take an inch from the end of my nose and remove that Roman-Jewish hump. I leave the means to you." They said, "There will be two operations. Will you have one to-day and another next week?" I said, "No. I am a coward. I would be so frightened that I would never come back to have the second one done. Do them both to-day."

They placed me in a large chair in the operating room. I had no anaesthetic except a local one. Again and again and again they applied the anaesthetic—which I think was cocaine—to the end of my nose. The tip of the nose is exceedingly sensitive. You know when one is cold how the nose-tip suffers. Thirteen times they bathed my nose in the lotion until it was frozen. Then I closed my eyes. I heard the slight click of instruments.

As with all skilled surgeons, they had kept them out of sight to avoid panic. I realized that they were bending over me, but I kept my eyes closed. One surgeon was doing the cutting and the other the stitching. I heard one say to the other, "Cut a little more to the right." But there was no sensation.

The first operation began at ten. After it I rested on a couch for a short while. Then began the second one. That I felt slightly, for the removal of such important bones could not have been without pain unless I had been insensible. I knew they were lifting off the bone at the top and the bones at the side that had made my hump. I sighed in deep content that whatever happened to my nose the hated hump was gone.

A woman attendant went home with me and remained there twenty-four hours. She changed the dressings often and in-

Nasal Radiograph Showing Unusual Bony Growth and Cartilaginous Tissue.

sisted that I sleep. For three days I remained in my room in a dim light. For three days after that I remained in my house. After that I went out wearing a veil. I looked like one of the women of mystery in Europe. But in two weeks I was myself save for two inches less of nose. One inch had been taken from the end of my nose and one inch in length of bone from the ridge.

In a bottle of alcohol are preserved the seven pieces of my nose. Relics, a sacrilegious friend dared to say, of Saint Yorska.

With my eyes closed I did not see the process, but the surgeons told me what had been done. I had asked that an inch be taken from the end, and so it was. They had made an incision beginning an inch above the tip of the nose. They slit the inch-long cartilage on either side, and by another slit loosened it from the wall that upheld it. They severed it from the bone. So the main obstacle to my better looks and facial symmetry was removed.

But six more "relics" must be detached. Two of these were the cartilage forming the wings of the too-long nostrils. One was that portion of the forward wall between the nostrils that remained. These, with the three fractions of bones that had formed my hump, made the seven relics. The skin that had covered them was clipped and drawn carefully together and sewn.

I had been in excellent health before the operation. That doubtless contributed to its success and to my quick recovery. I have been perfectly well since. The only sense I had of abnormal condition was on the evening of the day of the operation. An almost maddening pain attacked my head. Strange sounds, as of giant drums being beaten in my head. The good doctor told me these were nature's efforts to re-establish normal circulation. The pain continued for a half hour.

I am enchanted with the result. I have told you that never before have I admired myself. Now I do take satisfied peeps into the mirror. I have a sense of freedom from the domination of my nose. Always I had heard that it was an aristocratic feature. I felt the responsibility of living up to it. Now that it is a nice, comfortable, American pug I feel democratic.

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Before and After

Very Interesting Profile Photographs of Madame Yorska Showing Her Nose Before It Was Operated On and Her Most Recent Photograph Just Taken Which Shows the Result of the Beauty Doctor's Skill.



Photograph of Madame Yorska in the Role of Salome Before the Alterations on Her Nose.

By Mme. Yorska
(In an interview).

"My face, I don't mind it, because I'm behind it."

NOW, that clever couplet is all very well for the average man or woman. But, you see, I'm an actress, and I make my success by whatever impression I create on the audience in front of me.

If beauty is helpful then, conversely, anything that mars beauty is almost disastrous to great dramatic success.

I was born with a preposterous nose. Why nature served me this unkind trick I do not know. I was not entitled by inheritance from either of my parents to such an ugly facial promontory.

Yet there it was. I could not deny nor conceal it. Children openly stared at it, ill-bred people clandestinely peeped at it, my friends thoughtfully looked in other directions when chatting with me. And yet this nose was no fault of mine.

Must I carry this sorrow through life? I consulted friends. A clergyman pointed out the Bible statement that "God created man in his own image"—and, therefore, it might displease God to fret about the nose he had bestowed upon me. For a time this silly advice impressed me.

Then a broader-minded friend argued that as we are justified in fighting against and rising above an unworthy environment, so we are also justified in seeking escape from the disadvantage of weak eyes, poor hearing—or a humiliating nasal distortion. This seemed quite reasonable. And, anyway, perhaps I owed it to my friends to spare them the embarrassment of my distressing nose.

I hesitated at this conflicting advice. At last one day in reading my Bible I opened to the Sermon on the Mount. "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out." Here was direct scriptural warrant for what good sense had seemed to suggest. I hesitated no longer.

I am, of course, not a native American and have lived in France and Italy. And it is a curious fact that not until I came to the United States did I realize that my nose was an unkindness of nature.

In fact, more than once my nose had been complimented by persons of artistic and discriminating sense. It was recognized as a nose of the fourteenth century. D'Annunzio expressed his enthusiasm for it in a phrase, "She has a profile which Cellini might have carved." Rodin, seeing me at an exhibition of his works, asked, "Who is the woman with the nose of a medal?" Artists who have painted me have always insisted upon the profile. It

Would I advise others whose noses are in their way to submit to such an operation? Most earnestly, I would. I saw a lovely girl in the bus yesterday. That is, she was lovely save for her nose. It seemed three times too long for her face. I wanted to run after her and beg her to get a new nose.

For I have a new light, as it were, upon noses. I see them now as features not to be neglected. They are not what one sees first in a face. The eyes are what challenge one. But the nose is the business manager of the face. It is firm, stubborn. It stands uncompromising.

If your nose impede your progress, cut it off. The man or woman shorn of too much nose is beginning life anew and with better prospects. For clearly I now can see that success is often in inverse ratio to the length of the nose.

But if you who read this have unalterable objections to a surgical operation for the improvement of the nose I will not urge my advice. I grant that in case the operation is a failure the results will be disfiguring. The last state will indeed be worse than the first.

The mother of a child can do much to make its nose more shapely. I know a devoted mother who by gentle massage changed the shape of her infant's nose from a pronounced hook to a softly flared nasal organ. She did this by gentle pressure with the first two fingers, many times a day, upon the lower part of the babe's Great Britain Rights Reserved.

nose. The bone cannot be altered save by surgical device, but the cartilage can be manipulated in infancy. The flesh about it can be trained to grow in breadth rather than length.

I have said that this mother exerted gentle pressure. Had it been severe the nose might have been irreparably misshapen. But if a mother, while washing a child's face, works gently with her fingertips, she can practically remold it. Rough handling may twist it. The first lesson in the use of the handkerchief should include gentle usage of the nose. Many of the misshapen noses we see owe their crookedness to rough usage of the handkerchief. Rough handling will not only twist the nose, but it will make it larger and cause it to be permanently red.

There cannot be more than one opinion as to the unloveliness of the red nose. Besides rough handling of it in washing the face or in using the handkerchief there are other causes for the chronically reddened feature. Exposure to the cold and intemperance, either in food or drink, will enlarge the blood vessels of the nose. If a nose turns red easily it may be because the skin is very delicate. I have known this condition to be corrected by bathing the nose frequently in equal parts of cologne and water. This will also remove the tendency to oiliness of the skin of the

nose. If the condition is only occasional, the application of a lotion composed of one ounce of glycerine and twenty grains of tannic acid may relieve the redness. I have known instances of speedy relief through its use. These are in cases of a superficial "skin deep" suffusion, when the blood vessels are but little dilated.

Faradic electricity has also cured the condition. A very light current should be applied. If properly administered this slight current will narrow the blood vessels. But it must be most carefully done. Should a strong current be turned on the treatment will defeat its own purpose. The blood vessels will be overfilled and dilated. Sometimes a red nose is caused by inflammation of the membrane which lines it. In such cases there is need of the services of a specialist in the treatment of the nose.

While infancy is the best time to improve the nose by manipulation, something can be done in adult life. Light pinching of the tip and pressure of the wings of the nose will gradually improve the contour of the nose that is too broad and flat. Nose clips are sold at some beauty parlors. Their function is to press nearer together the sides of the too flaring nostrils. But some inventive women have wrapped a stout hairpin or a clothespin in wool and fastened them gently upon the nose for an occasional half hour of remodeling.

Madame Yorska, the Well Known French Actress and Founder of the French Theatre in New York. This View Reveals an Attractive Face.